

Mr. Dooley on the Bringing Up of Children

uted. They got plinty iv fresh air
slyin' in allays an' vacant lots an'
y'er wantin' in awhile they were 'al-
ked to go down as 'fall into the river,
attention was paid to their dite. Th'
isint race iv hayroes who are now
artin' th' wurrud in finance, poly-
technic an' other 'niversitys, an' a
brachoor, was brought up on water-
llon rinds, speckled apples, raw
lons stolen fr'm th' grocer, an' coco-
nuts fr'm th' chieftan's burgery an'
ard. They larned to walk as soon as
y'er were able an' if they got bow-
aged, ivrbody said they would be
a good swimmer. An' 'twas 'bout
a fond parent fr'm comin' home
turdah night an' wallowin' in his
cauchous child, th' docthor that sug-
gested he should be 'swept up in
slyes L' get as much amusement as y'e
on too iv y'er infant," says L. "Teach
m to love yee now, I say, 'before he
dies." Afterward he'll get onto y'e
't'll be too late."

"Ye know a lot about it," said Mr.
Meehan, "but do you know?"

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "No bein'
author I'm a gr-reat critic."

propose, and lived, if it hadn't been for his devilish morbid appetite for travel and adventure. Quick as a wink, one of the oyster place dad wanted to take me on a ride down the river to the Eads jetty, and the mouth of the river, and we went on board, and had a nice ride down to the jetty. After we had looked over the jetty, which was a goodly sight, a special canal big enough for the largest ocean steamers to come up to New Orleans, the passengers wanted to go into the boat outside the jetty, into the blue water, where the waves come from. Gee, but I hope I say live long enough to forget the boat. I hadn't got a boat's length into the bar before I saw the water roll and toss, and I held on to dad's hand, and I wished I was dead. I told dad a little funny anecdote, and I wanted a lemon. Dad got me a little tummy, with its three oysters in it, is not worth mentioning, and told me to look at him. Talk about your poor man, but he was a poor man. The oysters were tame and uninteresting compared to dad, leaning over the railing, and shouting words at the water, and then he came back, and he rubbed up like a pickknife one more time, and then straightened up like an Egyptian standing on his hind legs in front of the poor man, and he kept saying: "Ye-up," and all the passengers said: "Poor man." I told them I was not so poor, for he owned a nice little home. Dad finally went to bed with his arm and head over the rail, and his body hanging limp on the deck. The boat turned around and went back into the mouth of the river, and the passengers were told by the captain for giving them such a lovely ride, when I thought I would wake dad up, and I told him on the shoulder and asked him if he did not like a few dozen more raw oysters, and he killed murder, and began to have hysterics again, and hump himself, and I know, like I told you, that the doctor says are dissatisfied with the medicine the doctor gives. Well, we got back to New Orleans, and dad took a hack to the hotel, and I told the driver not to take any saloon where there were oysters on the sidewalk. We came the next day. Well, I guess I will not make out much of this, but I am home and comforted dad. But this minute, till that Irishman puts that chunk of ice in the icebox, and see if he doesn't surprise the doctor with a sound as if a house had fallen, a pound cake of ice struck the floor the Irishman came running through the grocer's, and he was saying, and yelling: "There's a snakesnake in yer icebox, mister, and ye can go to h—l for yer ice." The grocer, who was a good fellow, the boy who worked at the groceryman, the boy who worked at both, the boy took his snake, under his arm and went out, and the doctor said: "Well, you're the limit. Call again, and bring your anaconda, and a man-eating tiger," and he went and scraped in the ice.

By Franklin Fyles.

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